

W. M. &amp; H. V. HAMILTON, Pubs.

## PALESTINE, - - TEXAS.

The man that never has to write off a loss has mighty little else to post.

An eastern millionaire has cinched the domestic situation by marrying his cook.

Look out for the woman who says: "You know I never gossip, but did you hear," etc., etc.

Can it be true that Ma is flirting with Mr. Toulisan, chief of the Chinese bandits? We'll tell Pa.

When a man slaps the public in the face he need not expect it to drop on its knees and kiss his hand.

Alfred Austin now publishes an ode entitled "Forgiveness." But if Mr. Austin is really penitent let him keep quiet.

An automobile has caused a St. Louis man and his wife to go into the divorce court. It has now done its worst.

The use of "mustard brown" socks in the United States army will probably result in placing every soldier in the smart set.

At first it is hard to find a name for the baby, but when the poor old man gets to walking the floor at night with it names come easy.

The widow who has centered the ashes of her husband on two continents may be trying to make extra work for the last day.

A Boston paper says of "dear, delightful Joe Jefferson" that "eternal sunshine radiates from his brow." To all of which Rip will probably say, "O, fudge!"

If you find, in looking through your pile of \$100 bills, one with a poorly executed portrait of Thomas H. Benton upon it, you may know it is a counterfeit.

In the absence of explicit directions in the cook books for eating crow it is recommended that the bird be well cooked, lightly seasoned, and swallowed hastily.

Of course the university of New York, which is going to confer the degree of master of letters on Mrs. Russell Sage at the commencement exercises, isn't bidding.

A certain railroad is trying to determine the value of some Sioux Indians injured in a wreck, but who would rather be "Comes Last" than "Kills Ahead?"

Joseph Chamberlain foretells a time when "America will have to import its foodstuffs." Evidently Mr. Chamberlain doesn't take any stock in the race suicide bogey.

A French scientist says automobilizing cures consumption. He may not be altogether right, but it can be said that few automobile enthusiasts are likely to die of consumption.

A Wabasha, Minn., paper states that a young woman of that town "is sick of being threatened with appendicitis." And if they don't quit threatening her with it there will be trouble.

A Pittsburg man went home the other night and shot himself because supper wasn't ready. Being afraid of the cook he probably thought that was the only way to get even with her.

If the clergymen of the various denominations keep on agreeing not to marry divorcee persons, the justices of the peace will all be buying automobiles and living in brownstone fronts.

A Pawtucket (R. I.) lad batted a ball in such a way that it landed in the powerhouse of a cotton mill near the grounds and stopped the plant for the rest of the day. The boy made a run for home.

The latest educational authority advises parents to "kneel down and pray" before walloping their children. Down this way they generally reach up for a fresh hold on the subject under discussion.

The government of Queensland has offered a prize of \$25,000 for a sure method of exterminating the opuntia, a species of cactus. That's easy. Pull every opuntia up by the roots. We claim the money.

Ants that are fierce enemies of the boll weevil are being brought to this country from South America. In a few years there will be wild appeals for somebody to discover how we may get rid of the ants.

A woman who claims to be the daughter of Cecil Rhodes has been discovered in South Carolina. The wonder of it is that widows and daughters of Cecil haven't been bobbing up in all parts of the civilized world.

Members of the American Medical association have made the discovery that the young men of this country are working themselves to death. This is one of the results of trying to run automobiles that break down every three miles.

## The Day

## American.

Experience has taught you in advance that pincies are a delusion and a snare; so you know what to expect.

If elections were held on July 5 the party that would promise to raise the tariff on firecrackers 100 per cent would get all the votes except those of the wholesalers and retailers of noise.

It is generally admitted that the Chinese might have been in better business than they were when inventing the firecracker.

Tell the little children about how you had only 5 cents to spend on the Fourth of July when you were a boy. They have never heard about it before.

Cheer up. The alarm-makers declare that it comes only once a year.

Save some of the thumbs; there will be another Fourth next July.

Some foxy gentlemen go up in balloons on the Fourth to escape the noise.

To see some old men holding their ears and to listen to the rumblings of their grouch, one would think they never were boys.

Almost any reasoning being if he had his choice would rather be an automobile than a horse on the Fourth of July.

Still, is it worth such a fuss over a little thing like licking the British?

When the law bumps up against the firecracker the law usually retreats. The scene with a few burned fingers and a bum eye.

Yes, Deras, you are a good guesser. This is the Fourth of July—Modest, shy, Timid, shrinking, quiet, unassuming etc.

July 4th. The day we celebrate Early and late And in the middle; also around the edges.

With hammers, cones and sledges, Anvils, steam whistles, boiler factories and

A grand Collision between a ton of noise And a wagonload of sound.

The boys Sit around the house all day And play With their thumbs, oh, yes! I guess That's a poor joke.

Great smoke! It's really funny. You can't get them near the houses except for money. They start in bright And early a week before and keep it up until midnight.

Next day The doctor holds sway. The old men set the pace when they were boys.

The year of the big noise. And you can't stop the hubbub With a club Or a standing army.

What's the use Of a glorious Fourth If you can't turn noise loose? If it's to be A quiting match or a pink tea Let the boys know In advance of the show That they must shoot No cracker toot.

No horn— And they will not go to the trouble of being born The doctor is a busy man. His harvest time is here; And he will make enough this week To last him for a year.

O Mother of a mighty race, Yet lovely in thy youthful grace! The elder dantes, thy haughty peers Admire and hate thy blooming years; With words of shame And taunt of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread That tints thy morning hills with red; Thy step the wild deer's rustling feet Within thy woods are not more fleet; Thy hopeful eye Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail, those haughty ones, While safe thou dwellest with thy sons; Thy step the wild deer's rustling feet Within thy woods are not more fleet; Thy hopeful eye Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

They know not in their hate and pride, For earth's down-trodden and oppressed, A shelter for the hunted head, For the starved laborer toll and bread, Power, at thy bounds Stays, and calls back his baffled host.

O fair young Mother! on thy breast Shall sit a nobler grace than in Deep in the brightness of thy skirt The thronging years in glory rise, And, as they fleet, Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye with every coming hour, Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower; And when thy sister, elder born, Would brand thy name with words of scorn, Before thine eye Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

—William Cullen Bryant.

## AMERICA'S RED-LETTER DAY

### FOURTH OF JULY IN THE ANNALS OF OUR HISTORY

We all know the history of the pivotal Fourth of July from which all others have become conspicuous. We know how conflicting interests and emotions had contended. How Hancock and Samuel Adams, who had burned the bridges behind them, and been proclaimed traitors by Great Britain, urged on their cautious brethren.

How sagacious Franklin, long-headed John Adams and fiery-hearted Richard Henry Lee, together worked and planned, coaxing, persuading and arguing with their conservative colleagues, day after day, until they took of their dare-all, endure-all spirit.

How that patriotic Congress eventually put aside every interest, every consideration, save that of liberty, and declared the right of the people.

John Hancock in the chair, the fifty-six, on July 4, 1776, signed the Declaration of Independence. We know that the deadly seven years' struggle that followed, that carried that Declaration at the sword's point, and made the world accept it as true.

The liberty of America was born on that July day at the state house in Philadelphia. That date shines aloft a blazing star against a darkened firmament.

Let the small boy shout, whistles blow, bells ring, and cannon roar! Never too loudly can the good story be told. At Saratoga and Stony Point, Yorktown and Valley Forge, our fathers won the right for their children's children to the last generation to burn powder and make uproarious din upon this national day of days.

John Adams, the second president, first prophesied that the anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence would become a festival day. Boston has the honor of holding the first real Fourth of July celebration. The war was over. The United States were free and independent and Boston proposed in 1793 to celebrate the event in great style. So there were marchings and parades and flurrying of flags, and shooting of muskets and cannon.

The Declaration of Independence was read aloud, and Dr. John Warren, Professor of Anatomy in Harvard college, made a strongly patriotic speech. The custom, so beautiful and appropriate, was adopted everywhere throughout the land, and the plan of these celebrations has always been closely modeled after the pattern first set.

Exactly ten years after, July 4, 1793, John Quincy Adams was the orator of the day at Boston. He had not yet reached his twenty-sixth year, but his father was Massachusetts' most prominent son, and his son was counted as in a sense his representative. That day John Quincy Adams showed that he was something more than merely the son of his father. His address is yet considered a masterpiece, and from that day he was a power in the land, and eventually became president.

The morning of the Jubilee Fourth, July, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, found four of the signers yet alive. The sunset found but two. On that day there passed away the immortal spirits of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, each of whom had been president of the nation he had helped to make.

The morning of July 4, 1826, found both the old comrades sick unto death. Jefferson sank first, with the words: "I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country." Meanwhile in his mansion, John Adams lay gasping his life away. Ninety-one years had not dimmed his intellect or weakened his courageous spirit. He heard the noise of the day's celebration, and asked what day it was. After he had been told, he lay for a while lost in thought, his mind reverting to those stirring times fifty

years before in the state house in Philadelphia. The touch of death was on him then, and he realized it. "Jefferson yet lives!" he ejaculated, and then a little later, a sentiment suggested by the day crossed his lips. "Independence forever!" he said, and never spoke again.

Exactly five years after the deaths of Adams and Jefferson, James Monroe died, the third president to die upon Independence Day. He was one of the most American of American presidents. His death, on July the 4th, emphasized anew the fatality that has pursued so many of our chief magistrates upon this day.

In 1793 Washington selected a plot of ground within the city of Washington as a suitable spot whereupon to erect a monument to the American Revolution. This was never acted upon, but thirty-four years after his death, it was decided instead to erect there a monument to Washington himself. Slowly funds were collected, and on July 4th, 1848, the cornerstone was laid with imposing civic, military and Masonic honors. The monument was built so slowly, however, that not until December, 1884, was the last stone fitted into place, and the beautiful Washington obelisk, the tallest structure in the New World, completed.

Two years after the cornerstone was laid, the unfinished shaft had reached the height of more than 150 feet. Zachary Taylor, the beloved old "Rough and Ready" of the Mexican war, had been president sixteen months. On the national holiday, July 4, 1850, he visited the uncompleted monument, in which he took great interest. Once on the grounds, he laid aside the dignity of his high office and stretched himself under the grateful shade of the partly completed shaft. A peculiar lassitude seemed to come over him, and he lay there a long time. Suddenly paroxysms of internal pain came on. He had been struck with death on Independence day, and that within the shadow of the first president's monument. Again the old fatality to a president upon the Fourth of July. He was carried back to the White House, where he lingered five days and died.

The civil war that devastated our land, 1861-65, had progressed none too favorably for the Union cause up to the middle of 1863. Grant was doggedly besieging Vicksburg, which controlled all the lower Mississippi. As stubbornly the Confederates resisted. Lee had determined to carry the war into the North, and had invaded Pennsylvania with a great army. The fate of the nation swung in the balance. North and South, the people tremulously awaited the issues of each day. July 1st found Vicksburg still holding out, after six weeks of terrific cannonading. The same first day of the same month brought the news of the invading army between the Federal and the defending explosive army of the Federals at Gettysburg, Pa. It was American against American and July 1st passed into July 2nd, and that into the third of July, and yet the dreadful battle raged. Sixty thousand men on those three days were taken prisoners, wounded or killed. Lee was forced back. In the turning battle of the war fortune had favored the Union forces.

The dawn of the Fourth found the heart of our people torn with conflicting emotions. The mother mourned like Rachel over her son, stark upon the field of Gettysburg; the father rejoiced over a crucial battle won; the South sank, appalled at the blow to her pride, her hope, her ambition; the North was buoyant and elated. Then over the wires at night flashed the news that Vicksburg had surrendered that day, and the Mississippi was open to our gunboats. Great and wild, long and loud, was the rejoicing of the one part of the nation. Sorrowful and filled with despair was the rest of the nation. God grant that never again may Independence Day find one portion of our people rejoicing over the discomfiture of another portion, "for we be brethren."

The "sad Fourth" was in July, 1881. Two days before President Garfield had been shot by Guiteau, the assassin, and for the fifth time in our history the shadow of death hung over an American President upon Independence Day. The country Fourth-of-July picnics were abandoned, the celebrations in the great cities were suspended. Here and there a flag waved mournfully, as though anticipating its early hanging at half-mast. It was a quiet Fourth, a sad Fourth, a hard Fourth. All hearts were touched. From that awful day, July 2, until the dread day in September, when the last summons came to the poor, worn, suffering President, there was never a waking hour but that the thoughts of our people were with their stricken chief, fighting heroically for life.

The Spanish-American war was on hand in 1898. On the third of that July the Spanish admiral, Cervera, made a desperate attempt to escape from Santiago harbor. It quickly ended in a victory for the Americans. A victory so complete that it annihilated the entire fleet, and the whole body of Spaniards became prisoners of war. Virtually the war was ended then and there. It took a few hours for the news to get where it could be cabled, but all over the Union July 4th, 1898, the wires sang busily. The Spaniards were not our flesh and blood, as were the southern soldiers that day thirty-five years before, when the Fourth-of-July wires flashed the news of victory. There was no bitter to the joy, no pang to the victory.

What the future has in store for this red-letter day of time we know not. But come what will, by great deeds done, by battles won, by days of national joy and national sorrow shared together, Fourth of July will ever be a sacred day to all true Americans.

## THE WEEKLY PANORAMA

## TOUCHED THE JUDGE'S HEART.

Incident Explains Why Missouri Jurist Is Honored.

Missouri lawyers who practice before Judge Phillips of the federal district branch have the highest respect for his honor in spite of his marked peculiarities. Not long ago a young fellow who through ignorance had violated the United States statutes was brought before him and was sentenced to pay a fine of \$500. The father of the prisoner, an old German, who made his living by selling vegetables, shortly appeared in court with a basket of silver coins, from dollars to dimes. The old man explained that the coins were the savings of a long time. Judge Phillips called over the prisoner's lawyer and said: "I am going to reduce that fine to \$200 because of the boy's dad. And I suppose," he added, with severity, "that you will collect the \$200." Thompson, the lawyer, declared that he would donate his services gratis, whereupon father and son left the court comparatively happy.—Chicago Chronicle.

## FOR RAILROADS IN LUZON.

Secretary Taft Urges Development of the Philippines.

Secretary Taft has asked Congress to authorize the Philippine government to borrow ten millions of dollars in 3 or 4 per cent bonds upon the guarantee of the United States for the purpose of building railways in the island of Luzon and other parts of the archipelago, and the newspapers tell us that he has had interviews with several prominent capitalists in New York for the purpose of interesting them in the subject.



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## EDISON IMPROVES ON SAYING.

Sends Forth Motto All Would Do Well to Heed.

Francis Baker Crocker, professor of electrical engineering at Columbia university, recently wrote to Thomas A. Edison for a photograph of the latter large enough to hang in the office of the electrical department at the university, and also requesting Mr. Edison to inscribe the picture with some motto that might be helpful to the students. In a few days a large photograph of the inventor arrived, and at the bottom of it, in the large, strong, well-defined handwriting of Edison, was the following, which, as it has long done duty in advertisements, does not say much for the famous man's originality: "All things come to those who hustle while they wait."

## Chicago, the Railway Center.

Twenty-five railroads center at Chicago, excluding separate divisions; ten of them Eastern trunk lines, ten Southern of Western trunk lines and five belt or transfer roads designed for the interchange of eastern, western and southern traffic. Within the district founded by Ohio, Des Moines and Eighteenth street and Lake Michigan, an area of say 2,500 acres, all or nearly all these trunk lines and their several lake-carrying auxiliaries own or lease in and out freight stations. This region is the "Chicago terminal." Here centers 25 per cent of the total mileage of the country.

## Australian Statesman's Rise.

John Christian Watson, prime minister of the Australian commonwealth, only a few years ago was settling type in a Sydney newspaper office. In 1901 he was elected to parliament and soon became the man of the hour because of the strength he showed in debate. It is expected that the young premier will have some difficulty in inducing his followers to accept a moderate and conciliatory policy.

## Accident Is Costly.

A provision of \$239,000 has been made by the Paris underground railway out of its year's profits to meet liabilities arising out of the accident in August last year, when nearly 100 lives were lost.

## Decrease in English Patents.

The number of patents applied for in England during 1903 was 28,832, which is 142 less than the number in the year preceding. Fifty new golf balls were invented during the year.

## HOW JACK LONDON "ARRIVED."

Popular Author Struggled Hard for High Position He Holds.

Jack London, the fascinating short-story writer and brilliant war correspondent, now at the front, is but twenty-eight years old. Three years ago he was unheard of by the reading world. To-day he is read everywhere, is sought by publishers, and the pages of the magazines, from The Century down, are open to him.

The story of how he "arrived," how he first set foot upon the stepping-stone to success, he tells in The Editor, the New York magazine for literary workers, incidentally giving the latter class some excellent advice. Here are a few of his terse, pregnant sentences: "Work! Don't wait for some good Samaritan to tell you, but dig it out yourself."

Fiction pays best of all.

Don't write too much. Don't dash off a 6000-word story before breakfast.

Avoid the unhappy ending, the harsh, the brutal, the tragic, the horrible—if you care to see in print the things you write.

Keep a notebook. Travel with it, eat with it, sleep with it. Slap into it every stray thought that flutters up into your brain.

"As soon as a fellow sells two or three things to the magazines," says Jack London, "his friends all ask him how he managed to do it," and then he goes on, in his own racy way, to tell how it happened to him.

He had many liabilities and no assets, no income and several mouths to feed. He lived in California, far from the great publishing centers, and did not know what an editor looked like. But he sat down and wrote. Day by day his pile of manuscripts mounted up. He had ideas, obtained from a Sunday supplement, that a minimum rate of a thousand words was paid, and he on earning \$600 a month, with overstocking the market.

One morning the postman brought him, instead of the usual long, manuscript envelope, a short, one. He couldn't open it right away. It seemed a sacred thing. It contained the written words of an editor of a big magazine. When, however, he had figured in his mind the offer for this 4000-word would be at the minimum rate of course—he opened the letter.

Not having died right then there, Mr. London is convinced he may yet qualify as an old inhabitant. Five dollars! When? editor did not state.

But, by and by, in the course of its wanderings, one of his stories reached an editor who could see the genius of Jack London, and had the patience to penetrate beneath the husk of wordy introduction and discover the golden grain.

Here is the incident that proved the turning point in Jack London's literary career, as he so graphically tells it:

"Nothing remained but to get out and shovel coal. I had done it before, and earned more money at it. I resolved to do it again, and I certainly should have done it, had it not been for The Black Cat."

"Yes, The Black Cat. The postman brought me an offer from it for a 4000-word story which was more lengthy than strength, if I would grant permission to cut it down half. Grant permission? I told them they could cut it down two-halves if they'd only send the money along, which they did, by return mail. As for the \$5 previously mentioned, I finally received it, after publication and a great deal of embarrassment and trouble."

And the rate he received for his first Black Cat story was nearly 20 times what the five-dollar editor paid!

Nor is Jack London the only writer who has been lifted from obscurity to prominence by the lucky Black Cat, which, as the New York Press has truly said, has done more for short-story writers and short-story readers than any other publication.

Each of its famous prize competitions has brought new writers to the front. In its most recent, the \$2,100 prize was won by a young Texan who had never before written a story, and the second, \$1,300, went to a lawyer's wife in an obscure Missouri town.

It has just inaugurated another contest in which \$10,500 will be paid to writers in sums of from \$100 to \$1,500. This will, no doubt, add many new names to the list of those who have "arrived" through its recognition.

The conditions are announced in the current issue of The Black Cat, and will also be mailed free to any one by the Shortstory Publishing Company, Boston, Mass. Even those who cannot write a winning story themselves may earn \$10 by giving a timely tip to some friend who can.

But all should bear in mind that it will be entirely useless for any one to send a story to The Black Cat without first reading and complying with all the published conditions. Here is a chance for the reader to dig dollars out of his brain, for what life does not at least contain one tale worth telling?

Divorce is allowed by law in every state of the Union except South Carolina, and in all the others except New York for wilful desertion, and in most for various other causes besides adultery, and ministers are made civil magistrates for the purpose of solemnizing marriages.

Widening London bridge from 51 feet 5 inches to 65 feet cost \$3,500 a running inch. But its roadway, 31 feet wide, and its footwalks of 12 feet width on either side are worth \$500,000 more in increased facility for its enormous traffic.